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LITTLE JIM.

Our little Jim
Was such a limb
His mother scarce could manage him.
His eyes were blue
And looked you through,
And seemed to say:
"I'll have my way!"
His age was six,
His saucy tricks
But made you smile,
Though all the while
You said: "You limb,
You wicked Jim,
Be quiet, do!"

Poor little Jim!
Our eyes are dim
When soft and low we speak of him.
No clatt'ring shoe
Goes running through
The silent room,
Now wrapped in gloom,
So still he lies,
With fast-shut eyes,
No need to say,
Alas! to-day:
"You little limb,
You baby Jim,
Be quiet, do!"

—*George R. Sims, in N. Y. Tribune.*

ONLY A STUDENT.

A Mere Tyro in the Science of Phrenology.

How a "Young Person" Attempted to Educate One "Pistol Billy," and Why "Tom" Became an Enthusiastic Follower of Fowler.

It is not ordinarily supposed that the sciences of phrenology and bunko steering are at all related. Recent events, however, seem to indicate a strong relationship, and an incident bearing upon the fact is being humorously discussed in the clubrooms up town. The chief actors are a short-card gentleman by the name of "Pistol Billy" and the son of a substantial Brooklyn citizen who consents to adorn a desk in a prominent life insurance company's office in this city.

"Pistol Billy" is a middle-sized, slender, and symmetrical man of thirty years, very quiet and neat in his attire, with light hair, light mustache, and a small steel-blue eye, a pair of them, in fact, which are the only indications of the keenness and nerve which in several little encounters in Nevada gained him his sobriquet. His quickness in a tight place is said to be some thing extraordinary. His rapid fashion of gauging a man mentally, morally, and physically is a part of his business as a faro dealer and is a pursuit of his own from choice. All gamblers are quick readers of human nature, but in this art "Billy" probably stands without a peer.

He was riding in a South Brooklyn horse-car one day of week before last, when a young man took a seat beside him. Billy was idly gazing at the row of passengers seated opposite, when a voice said:

"Studying faces?"

"Billy" turned and saw that the remark came from the young man and was addressed to him. It was a somewhat important young man; one of those young men who are never quite comfortable unless they are making an impression on somebody or something; the kind of young man who would unconsciously twist his fuzzy but promising mustache in passing the Bartholdi statue and furtively inspect the bronze young lady out of the corner of his eye to see if she showed any signs of appreciation. "Billy" took the young statesman in at a glance, and nodded. He is always polite.

"I like it," said the young person, emphatically.

"I'm always reading faces. See that man next to the lady in the corner? He's a student. He'll always be bent over like that. His stomach muscles have already given out and he'll always bend. That man next to him has smiling eyes, hasn't he? Can you read faces?"

"No," said "Billy," looking with babe-like admiration upon his instructor.

"You ought to learn. It's splendid practice. Get Fowler & Wells's book; it'll help you; lots."

"Indeed?" said "Billy," charmed with the idea.

"I could read your face," said the young person.

"I wish you would," said "Pistol Billy."

"Don't you know your character?"

"No; I wish I did," and he meant this.

"Well," said the young person, "your eyebrows are a little light. Lack of individuality. Nose is good," he continued slowly, pursing up his lips with critical deliberation. "Chin is good, too. But your mouth is weak. Those lines around the corners indicate small resolution."

"Ah!" said "Billy," saddened.

"You ought to learn your character, you know," said the young person patronizingly, "so that you can learn to govern yourself. That's the first thing I learned; to govern myself."

"Ah," said "Billy," in genuine admiration.

"It's very handy, you know, in my business. I'm in the life insurance bnsiness. That's my company."

He handed "Billy" a card of the "Allgemeine Leberwurst Life Insurance Company," the name of the company being almost effaced by his own printed across it in red ink.

They traveled together across the ferry and shook hands at the wharf, Billy saying that he would try and improve himself if the young person thought it was any use. Then the phrenologist and physiognomist went to his office, and Billy went uptown. Somewhere on Thirty-fourth street he met a friend, a young man who looked like a theological student, and wore a weed in his silk hat. Billy bought two lemonades musingly, and appeared to be deep in thought.

"Tom," he said, after a while, handing his friend the card, "this youngster gets on the —— avenue car in Brooklyn at —— street. You are a clerk in Fowler & Wells'. Do you understand? You've seen him there. Better work him about the first of the month."

Tom nodded and made a note of it.

A week ago last Saturday morning, when the life insurance young man got on his car he studied the passengers till he noticed a young man opposite absorbed in a volume on phrenology. His eye lighted, he rose and crossed over to a seat beside the student.

"Studying phrenology?" he asked.

"A little bit," the student answered, modestly.

"I like it. It's a great study. See that man across there. Bad forehead. He'd commit crime, he would. Want me to read your character?"

"I wish you would," said Tom. (It was Tom.)

He read it, and Tom was duly grateful.

"It's a great help to me. I have to read faces in my business. I'm in the life insurance business. You ought to know your character so's to govern yourself. That's the first thing I learned—to govern myself," and so on.

"Oh, I know you," said Tom, surprised, looking at the card. "I've seen you at the store. I'm in Fowler & Wells'."

"Oh, yes," said the young person. "I remember you, now. Yes, I've bought a good many books there."

They had a very charming time on the ferryboat. Just as they reached the slip Tom said:

"I've just drawn a prize in our book-drawing. It's Bryant's 'History of the United States.' I've got one copy already, and I'll give you this one if you really like it."

The young person thought he would. It wasn't the gift so much as the evidence of Tom's appreciation. Tom accordingly led the way up Broadway and turned down a side street near the City Hall. They went up several flights of stairs to a small room on the top floor. On the door was a sign:

"FOWLER & WELL'S
GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE."

The sign was read, and so was a long printed list of valuable books, but as this had nothing to do with phrenology the young man did not study it.

Tom got his books and three extra tickets which came with them. One of these entitled him to a second chance, but he generously gave it to the young person, who drew. His eyes dilated, for the list of books embraced every thing from "Mother Goose" in full calf to magnificent editions of all the authors known. The man in charge of the office kindly permitted a special drawing, because Tom belonged to the firm and had influence. The young person drew.

He drew a star ticket, which permitted him to try again for a higher class of prizes, but the advance of a trifle of 50 cents was necessary to draw on a star ticket. He advanced the 50 cents and drew again.

This time he drew another star ticket and put up another 50 cents. Next he drew a premium ticket, which raised the value of his prize greatly, but compeled him to double his advance. Tom was deeply sympathetic, but had no fears, as he would surely draw a prize, and then all his money would be returned, the money being put up simply to "represent," he said.

The young person kept on doubling quite eagerly. When he got to $20, however, he began to pale. Although the prize value increased much faster than the advance, he could not afford to lose $20. After dubiously studying his own mind, however, he covered it. He drew another star.

The man at the wheel was really grieved about it. He never had seen such a thing happen. He presumed that the young man had picked all the stars there were in the wheel. The next time could not fail to fetch it.

Half confident that his mention of the matter to Fowler & Wells would result in his being reimbursed, he advanced $40, the remnant of his salary. He drew a star. He put up his diamond scarf-pin. He drew an author's premium. Then he put up his gold watch and chain and drew a star.

Flushed and fearful he thought of going around and borrowing the office safe. Then he thought of going to Fowler & Wells. Then he thought—he wished he hadn't come.

"I'm in the life insurance business. Here is my card. Just give it to Fowler & Wells, will you? I—I'll call and see them," he said. Then he went sadly out, and the man packed up the wheel and the sign and the list and he and Tom disappeared as disappears the bird that eke was in last year's nest.

Somehow "Billy" heard of it. It was cruel, no doubt, but he did it. He tore a page out of the "Phrenology," pinned the young man's card to it, and mailed it marked as follows:

"*Acquisitiveness*—Very large.

"*Experience*—Nix.

"*Advice*—Study the books for 4,000 years."—*N. Y. Times.*

—Household hints: Ink stains on mahogany furniture will disappear if treated as follows: Procure a carpenter's chisel and gouge out the spots thus soiled. The holes may be filled up with putty. To remove stains from character—inherit a fortune of a million dollars.

A STUDY OF SEED.

The Numerous Advantages of Change and of Judicious Selection.

Although but little has been written on this subject, it is a matter worthy the most careful consideration of all who have any thing to do with seeds. That great benefits are derived in some cases from changing seed, not only from one climate to another, but even to different soils, can not be doubted. Seeds often become soil-sick and climate-sick, like people, need a change and are affected beneficially when that change is made. It is generally considered that all fruits, vegetables and seeds do best when grown in their own native soil. Is this true? Is it a fact applicable to all seeds and plants? Take cotton, for instance. Cotton seed was brought to Texas from Yucatan where it was found to be indigenous. Being planted and cultivated in Texas it produced better staple and more of it than in Yucatan. Seed was imported from Africa, British India and the islands of the Mediterranean into the Southern States with the same result, showing that cotton, although a tropical plant, does better in temperate regions. It is a noted fact that the further North wheat can be grown the shorter its period of maturity. Seed taken from Canada to Kentucky, Ohio or Colorado, ripens earlier than the wheat raised in these States. But the seed the second year loses this quality to a great extent and follows in the same line of the wheats of these States. In Sweden advantage is taken of this in annually bringing seed wheat from the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, nearly under the Arctic circle, and sowing it in land so much exposed to cold that ordinary wheat has scarcely time to ripen.

Wheats from the Mediterranean—their own native habitat—when brought to this climate improve so greatly in color, yield and quality that they, when compared, can not be recognized as the same. Of the 135 different varieties of wheat, 21 of oats, 15 of barley and 8 of rye received at the Colorado Agricultural College from foreign countries the last seven years, not one but has made better grain than that received. Changing seed has long been practiced by a few farmers in the different States and often with excellent results—but the change must be frequently repeated. Some seeds run out in a short time and become worthless because the soil and climate do not agree with them and often from want of judicious selection. This is the fact with field crops to a greater degree than garden vegetables. For instance, onion seeds coming from Africa and grown in the Eastern States do well for one or two seasons and then become worthless. Potatoes taken from a cold climate to the Southern States grow well the first year, but fail to make plump tubers and a good crop after that. Oats coming from Canada, Scotland and Ireland make a larger yield in some of the Western States than where they came from for one or two seasons, and after that lapse into the same condition of production and quality as other oats. One reason for this is that when they are grown out of their own range (every plant has its native region) they soon deteriorate and require to be renewed from seed grown in th at native region.

Another reason for changing seed from one locality to another is that the accidents and insects that prey upon them prefer some varieties to others, and the accidents and insects are more abundant in those localities where the varieties upon which they prey are most cultivated. While a change of seed is beneficial, selection, very important and closely connected with it, should claim as much if not more attention from the farming community. Much is being done by a few to make our best seeds better. Selecting the best, crossing like species, hybridizing, fertilizing, cultivating, irrigating and transplanting are all resorted to to accomplish the work so necessary and important to making the base of all occupations successful. Selection promotes vitality, insures germination, advances growth, defines the character of plants, increases the yield and furnishes better grain for reproduction. Plants can be improved easily as stock. Every favor bestowed upon the cereals, in particular, shows a corresponding satisfaction in yield and quality. By a judicious system of selection the period of maturity of corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and other seeds can be greatly shortened. This is done by taking for seed the ears or heads that mature earliest. By selection larger heads, more perfect grain and a greater amount of it can be grown on a given space with the same fertility and at the same expense. The stover by the same means can be reduced and the grain increased. Seed must be selected every year. The "seed-patch," like the yeast pot, must be kept full and fresh to propagate the best, not only to make it better, but to keep up the standard of those that have reached the limit of improvement, if such there be.—*Prof. E. B. Blount, in N. Y. Tribune.*

PARIS NEWSPAPERS.

Their Circulation, Immense Annual Profit and Great Influence.

It is a curious fact that daily newspapers almost suffice for the reading appetite of the French public. Compared with that of the news sheets, the circulation of the weekly, fortnightly and monthly periodicals is very small. France is not a great reading country. In round numbers the population may be set down at 38,000,000, out of which about 6,000,000 only are newspaper readers, if we may believe the statisticians, whose conclusions are based upon the total average circulation of all the newspapers published in France. If we reckon newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, and on all subjects published in France, whether daily, weekly, or otherwise, we shall find that Paris produces about 1,500, and the departments and colonies about 2,500. If we analyze these numbers we shall find forty daily political papers in Paris, and about double that number of daily political papers published in the great towns, like Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Lille, Nantes, Havre. In order to reach the figure of 200 daily papers published in France we should be obliged to include very small sheets whose calculation is less than 1,000 copies a day. Indeed, we may say, with very little exaggeration, that the greatest and almost the only French newspaper worth speaking about is *Le Petit Journal;* for, supposing that we take its circulation, varying between 900,000 and 950,000, and supposing that each copy is read by three or four persons—which is a low average—we may safely say that this paper is read by half the reading population of France. Next in circulation to the *Petit Journal* come the *Petit Parisien* and *La Lanterne*, with daily circulations exceeding 120,000 copies. The largest provincial circulations are those of the one-cent papers, *Le Petit Lyonnais* and *Le Petit Marseillais*, each about 70,000 a day. All these one-cent papers are splendid enterprises; for instance, the annual profit of *Le Petit Parisien* is in round numbers $100,000, and the annual profit of *Le Petit Journal*, $800,000. The papers at two and three cents can not come near these one-cent papers, either in comparative profits or in circulation. *Le Figaro* is the only three-cent paper that can be quoted as a fine enterprise. Even now, although its circulation is 10,000 or 15,000 less than it was three years ago, the annual profits of *Le Figaro* amount to $400,000. The *Gil Blas*, circulation 30,000, is also a paying concern. The most serious and well-informed of all the French papers, *Le Temps*, barely gives a profit at all. Among the two-cent papers, *Le Matin*, circulation 60,000, is beginning to pay fairly. But with these exceptions, there is not much newspaper stock in Paris worth coveting. How the various minor newspapers manage to live is a mystery, but a mystery only to those who are unfamiliar with the fascination which newspaper ownership possesses for the vain and for the ambitious, for financial speculators and political intriguers. To sum up once more, we may say that there are two leading papers in France, *Le Petit Journal* and *Le Figaro*, the former appealing to the great populace, the latter appealing to the middle and upper classes. The publicity of *Le Figaro* is all powerful; it is a speaking trumpet whose sounds re-echo through Europe—a fact which enables the cynical triumvirate which now presides over its destinies to sell short puffs on the first page for $8 a line, and to charge a publisher, for instance, $1,000 for a leading article by Albert Wolff on a new book which he may desire to push. The system may be reprehensible, but it helps to account for the profits of the paper; and above all, from an advertising point of view, the money thus spent is well invested, for the publicity of *Le Figaro* brings in a sure return. In all matters where criticism comes into play the influence of *Le Figaro* is incalculable. The dramatic author whose piece receives a favorable notice in the *Figaro* need not pay heed to the remarks of the other Paris journals. "If I can only count upon *Figaro* and *Gil Blas*," says the novelist who brings out a new volume, "I don't care a continental for the rest."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Had Watched the Proceedings.

The other day a humble constituent walked into Sioux Falls from his home in Frozen Man City, which place lieth beyond Roaring Ridge, on the north fork of Bitter creek, and over against Howling Holler, in the land of Wayback, and after doing some trading at the stores, buying, among other things, a pair of boots, both of which proved to be for the same foot, he came into this office and left a small newspaper clipping which read as follows:

"What is that, mother?"

"It is the Legislature, my child."

"What does it do, mother?"

"It repeals acts passed by the last Legislature, my child."—*Dakota Bell.*

—A couple of rascals are swindling the farmers of Greene County, Pa., in an ingenious manner. They read the local newspapers carefully, and when a farmer publishes an estray notice, No. 1 calls to look at the animal. The farmer shows the beast, and the fellow decides it is not his; then he returns to his partner and describes it minutely to him. No. 2 goes to the farmer and, after proving by a thorough description that he is the owner of the animal, says he can not take it away, and offers to sell it at a bargain. The farmer buys it, and in a few days the rightful owner comes and claims the animal.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"You know Jimmy Saywell?" said a traveler. "Yes." "Well, he's a great poker player." "Yes, he has the reputation of being the best in the city. Lots of nerve. Never known to back down before a poor hand." "Yes, but I saw him scared nearly to death the other day at a small pair." "Indeed. Who held it?" "The nurse. They were twins."—*Merchant Traveler.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A puppy plas with every pup he meets, but old doggs hav but fu associates.—*Billings' Almanac.*

—A ring around the moon is said to be a sign of rain. And a ring around a girl's finger is also a sign of reign.

—Wife—"Am I as dear to you, John, as I was before we were married?" Husband (with a sigh)—"Yes, a good deal dearer."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"You have no idea," said the landlord, "how much it costs to run this hotel." "Oh, yes, I have," replied Whitegoods; "I paid my bill this morning."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A Connecticut man dropped dead in a store where he had called to pay a bill. The impecunious will read in this an additional warning to them to avoid their creditors.—*Boston Post.*

—"Undressed kid is the favorite material for slippers," says a fashion journal. It may be added that slippers are not the favorite material with the undressed kid!—*Living Church.*

—"To me there is nae mair disgusting sight," remarks the Ettrick Shepherd "than a cretur thinkin' o' himsel' and the great appearance he is makin' afore his brother worms."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A Rochester woman's pie failed to have any effect on her husband for some unaccountable reason, so she added a little poison. That fetched him, but it just goes to show how tough some husbands are.—*Philadelphia North American.*

—The Problem of Life—

"It is easy to live," the philosophers say,
If we go but the right way about it;
"It is easy to die," say the doctors alway,
And those who've not died can not doubt it.
So, living or dying, this rule is quite just:
Let's live while we may and die when we must.

—*Boston Budget.*

—"Ah! Mr. Scriblerous, how are you? I bought your last book, and have been reading it. I can't say I like it as much as some of your others. I s'pose you're here at this reception picking up character?" Scriblerous—Ah! is that you Butterine? By the by, that last lot of eggs you sold my boarding-house mistress were more than half bad. I suppose you're here drumming up custom.—*Life.*

—Here's another of these stupid wise men. He says, in a medical journal: "Warm baths should be taken before going to bed." We should hope so. If the custom of taking warm baths after going to bed should come into vogue we don't know where people would sleep. However, it is probable that no one but a very wise man ever took baths every night after going to bed for a long time before learning how much more convenient it was to go to bed first.—*Burdette.*

NEW SEA SERPENT.

An Account of a Mysterious Creature Seen on the African Coast.

Count Joachim Pfeil, the German African explorer, who has just left Germany as Governor-General of the Somali country, gives the following account of a mysterious creature seen on the coast of the Ulanga district: "We often saw an animal in the water which we first believed to be a serpent from its movements, and from the fact that only now and then it appeared on the surface for a few seconds. Once, when we shot at it, we were surprised to see it rise out of the water and fly away. Afterwards we succeeded in obtaining one of the curious creatures. It was about the size of a large tame duck, with black plumage and a metallic luster. On its wings we noticed a few very light yellow feathers. The neck was very long and thin, and ended in a long, pointed beak, at the edge of which were two rows of sharp teeth. At first sight no head was visible, and the neck appeared only to end in a beak. The whole body of the bird is under water while swimming, only the long neck was seen. If it was frightened it disappeared altogether under the water, or flew rapidly away. Another peculiarity which we noticed was that when the bird had left the water it lay down on a bush with outstretched wings to get dry. The flesh of this creature has an unpleasant, oily flavor."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

PERSONAL SUPERIORITY.

The Unwisdom of Self-Praise as Suggested By Solomon.

One sign of personal superiority is a lack of any consciousness of personal superiority. He who says that he is more of a man than his immediate fellows is pretty sure to provoke others to differ with him at that point. Indeed, he is not likely to be alone in his opinion, so far. It is much the same in the matter of race, or sex, as in that of other contrasts. The man who insists that he is superior to another man because he belongs to a race which is superior to that man's makes a point against his race superiority, instead of for it, to begin with. The other man would, again, only harm his case by making a counter claim. It is always better to evidence superiority without claiming it than to claim superiority without evidencing it. So, again, if a man boldly claims his superiority to woman because he is a man, he proves that he is not manly, just as surely as a woman proves that she is not womanly if she boldly claims superiority over man on the score of her sex. Solomon gave one proof of his superiority in wisdom when he suggested the unwisdom of self-praise. "Let another man praise thee," he said, "and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips." Superiority is hopelessly lost as soon as it is found—by its owner—*S.-S. Times.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

PATTERNS.

The donkey and his friends were met
Down in the grassy lane,
And talking, as they always do,
Of the scarcity of grain.
When piggie called her children,
Who were dozing in the drain.

She said: "My dears, observe the boy,
The lovely creature there,
With the very grimy face and hands,
And long and tangled hair;
Watch well his manners and his ways,
And copy them with care.

"I am certain that he gobbles all
He can of pie or cake;
He likes the dirt, and only lives
For just his own dear sake.
And *that's* the model beautiful
Good little pigs should take.

For you see, good neighbor donkey,
The noble human race
Stands high, and brutes, at least, should keep
With it an even pace.
So I'm training up these young ones
To seek a lofty place."

The donkey answered: "I am sure
Your efforts are the best.
My master never stirs at all
At any one's request,
So as *he* does I mean to do,
And when I please I'll rest."

The butcher's dog then told them all
He really was proud
He could mimic so exactly
The big boy in the crowd,
Who would beat and push his playmates
Then boast full long and loud.

The peacock said he "caught his style
And dignified repose
From a little man who was, in truth,
The prettiest of beaux,
And who kindly walked the street to show
His beautiful new clothes."

Then piped the robin from the hedge:
"The merry lad that sings
And whistles loudly as along
The meadow path he springs,
Could teach me well. I only wish
He had a pair of wings!"

If it were true, indeed, oh, child
That may my fable read,
That the dumb folk of the forest
Could all your actions heed,
Do you think that your example
Is just the one they need?

Would owls and ravens then become
Brim full of joy and song,
And well redeem the character
Which they have borne so long?
And would tigers soon convince us
They were never in the wrong?

Or would your pony and your dog
Begin to sulk and fret,
And their obedience and love
And duty quite forget?
Would they all be worse, or better,
For the pattern that you set?

—*Carrie Cathcart Day, in Golden Days.*

ANOTHER IDEA.

A Noted Trainer of Horses Says They are the Most Stupid of Animals, and Tells How He Teaches Them Tricks.

M. Loyal, who has been ring-master of the leading Paris circus for thirty-two years, supplies interesting information concerning horses. "The horse," he says, "contrary to general belief, is the most stupid animal on earth. He has only one faculty—memory. You must teach him his exercises with the cavesson and the long whip. Having forced them into his head, you must use the short whip when he resists and give him a carrot when he obeys. Whips and carrots form the secret of the trainer. The horse must be from five to seven years old; before that age he is too spirited, after it his muscles are not elastic enough. The first thing to do is to accustom your horse to the ring, to make him run round regularly, and then to stop at a given signal. To accomplish this, the animal is brought into the ring. The trainer holds in his left hand a tether which is passed into the cavesson, a kind of iron crescent armed with sharp points fixed on the nose of the horse; in his right hand he holds the long whip. Behind the animal an assistant, with a stout short whip, is posted. The trainer calls on the horse to start, and, pulling his tether and smacking his long whip, forces him to gallop round. If he refuses, the assistant uses his whip also; if he is obedient he is rewarded with a carrot. To make him stop short, the trainer cracks his long whip again, while the assistant with his short whip throws himself suddenly in front of the animal and the result is obtained." M. Royal tells us that "the horse has a great objection to kneeling or lying down at any moment. This feat is taugh by means of iron bracelets placed on his ankles and attached to a tether held by the trainer, who, by sudden jerks or pulls as he is moving makes him fall or kneel. The animal remembers the lessons, and by dint of whip and carrot, ultimately performs them at the mere command of the trainer. The horse is taught to dance to music in the same way with the foot bracelets." As regards the learned horse, who opens boxes and takes articles out of them, here is how the animal is trained to do it: "I first get a carrot," says M. Loyal. "I place it in a box. I then lead the horse to the box. He smells the carrot, lifts up the lid of the box with his nose and takes out the vegetable, which he is allowed to eat. The next day before letting the horse free, I show him a handkerchief full of bran. He takes and tries to eat it. I then let him loose. He runs to the box, but—bitter deception—it is empty. The day after I resume the exercise, but this time the horse finds the handkerchief with the bran in the box. He takes it out, and I reward him with a carrot. I decrease the amount of bran in the handkerchief every day, until in the end I put merely the handkerchief in the box. The horse brings it to me and gets his carrot. I then reduce the size of the carrot every day, until at last I give him nothing. The horse continues to perform with the handkerchief, in the hope of getting the carrot."—*Chicago Newsboys' Appeal.*

Not Saved by Ancestors.

A peasant was once driving some geese to town, where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand and drove them pretty fast.

But the geese did not like to be hurried; and happening to meet a traveler they poured out their complaints against the peasant who was driving them:

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we? See how this peasant is hurrying on this way and that, and driving us just as though we were common geese. Ignorant fellow! He never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us; for we are the descendants of the very geese that saved Rome so many years ago."

"But for what do you expect to be famous yourselves?" asked the traveler.

"Because our ancestors—"

"Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is, what good have you yourselves done?"

"Why our ancestors saved Rome—"

"Yes, yes; but what have you done?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you then? Do leave your ancestors at peace! They were honored for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting."—*Treasure Trove.*

MAKE YOUR THREAD FIRM.

The Importance of Doing Nothing by Halves—Have No Flaw in Your Work—Why a Captain Was Poisoned.

If we could only learn early in life that every thing we do is of importance! that there are really no trifles! If we would only learn that every thing we do results in something that is either good or ill! that to slight our work is to bring disaster or loss or disgrace! In a book, recently published, is the following story told by the mother of two young girls, the story of whose struggles will help many girls and boys into a truer life. The mother tells the story in the twilight, after each girl has given an account of her day's experience:

My father's last voyage was an unusually long one, but at last we could watch for his return. Only my mother and I, this time, for Richard was with him; so we had double reason to look for the ship. I can remember how excited I was, for my father was very good to me, and always kept one corner of his big seachest for me.

The boys in Salem used to watch on the wharf whenever a ship was expected, and the minute it came in sight would run to the houses of those on board with the news. If it were a sailor's wife, she gave him a quarter; if a mate's, a half; but from the captain's wife a whole dollar was expected. One morning—we were at breakfast—a boy came running in, to tell us that the brig "Cypher" was in sight. He seemed to be in a great hurry, but that we did not think of till afterward.

My mother and I took an old glass of father's and went up to the attic, where we had a good view of the harbor. Mother held the glass a long while, and grew suddenly pale. Then she said, short and quick: "Take the glass. Your eyes are younger than mine. Do you see the flag?" So I looked, and I did see it. "Oh, mother," I cried, "it's at half-mast!" For we were a sailor's wife and daughter, and we knew what it meant. It said—that the captain was dead.

It was so. Bye-and-bye we learn all about it. Partly from the mate; partly, but not till long afterward and by degrees, from Richard. It was on the return voyage. He was poisoned. They were trading for ivory on the African coast. He had gone ashore with Richard, to settle matters with the native chief, who was very friendly, and offered them, as a farewell banquet, some rice and a drink of cocoanut milk. The poison was in one of them. Richard did not like the native style of cooking, and, boy-like, would not eat. They set sail, but were only a few hours off when my father was taken sick and died. Afterward it was discovered that the captain of the last ship that had traded there had cheated them. I believe there were no holes in the colored beads that traders used to bargain for ivory and gold dust, and, to the natives, all white men were alike.

They buried him there at sea. Richard tried to fling himself in, too, and it was only by main force that the sailors prevented him. He was only just through school, but he had begged so hard to go on the voyage that father yielded. For generations the men of our family had been sea-captains; but my brother never set foot on a ship again.

I haven't told you a very cheerful story, Kitty. I'm afraid it hasn't improved matters much, and mine hasn't such an excellent moral as had yours and Marion's.

"I can pick one out," said Marion, thoughtfully. "If some manufacturer had not neglected to punch holes in those beads, your father wouldn't have been murdered, nor your mother have died, nor you have been poor and had to earn your own living. Oh, mother, do you suppose every single glass bead in the world makes a difference?"

"I think that every thread forms a part. And if there is a weak place in the woof, it is fatally apt to strike against the weak spot in the warp. We can not see or know what is being woven. But this we do know—that it concerns us to make our own thread firm and strong, and just as fine as ever it may be."

Recently there was a terrible railroad accident on one of the Massachusetts roads. The cause of the accident is supposed to be due to a flaw in one of the trusses of the bridge; imperfection in the truss when put into the bridge, or a break that has been overlooked by the inspectors of the road. The result is the death of twenty-seven persons outright, and many severely injured. Somebody did not make their thread "firm and strong."—*Christian Union.*

An Indian City in Pink.

We are astonished and highly pleased with a view of an entire city in pink—the oddest and at the same time one of the most pleasing sights imaginable. In front of us was a perfectly smooth street 110 feet wide and two miles long, running straight away to a gate at the other end, and bordered on each side by many colored palaces and dwellings, with columns and towers, some with and some without balconies, but all of a delicate rose-red color, relieved here and there with figures or strips of white. Never had I seen anything of the kind before, and the effect was certainly beautiful. Well does Jeypore deserve its appellation of "The Beautiful City of India." When the background was formed of the fortified hills about the town this color was a light red, but when only the clear blue sky was in the background it became a delicate pink, giving one the impression of a pink coral city just rising from the sea.—*India Letter.*

—Prayer is the outlet of the saints' sorrow, and the inlet of their supports and comforts.—*Flavel.*